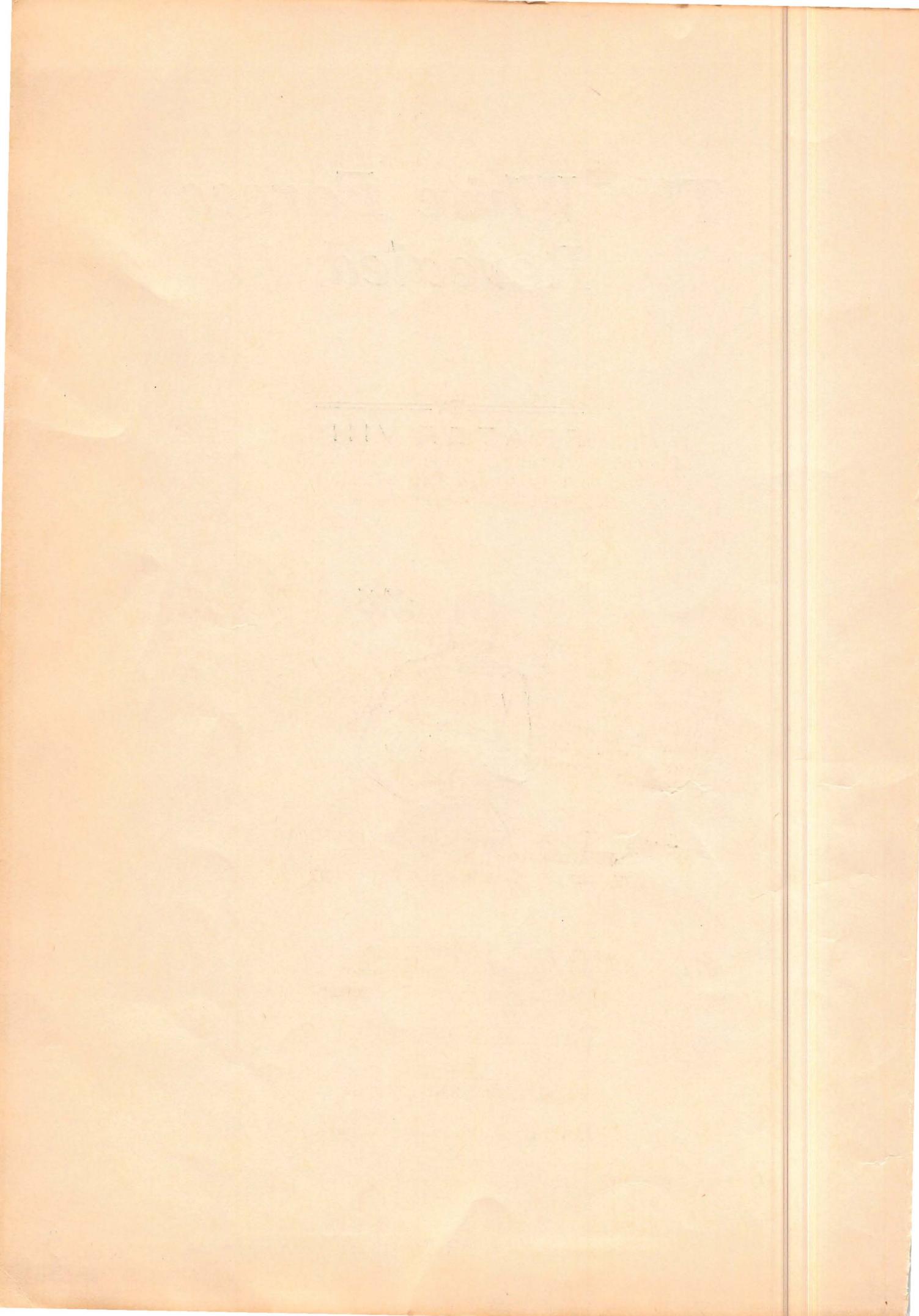


# *The White Forces Revealed*

—BY—  
**FRATER VIII°**



Monograph No. 9



THE WHITE FORCES REVEALED

(Monograph No. 5)

- by -

FRATER VIII<sup>O</sup>

"THE WHITE FORCES REVEALED"

Is an Educational and Inspirational  
Course of Study, especially writ-  
ten and intended for BUDDING  
INDIVIDUALS everywhere.

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Los Angeles 15, California

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## THE WHITE FORCES REVEALED

It had been months since the Workman family had been together. But, here they were, after months of separation, in their own home enjoying the company of their very good friends, Mr. Grayson and Ronald Worth. Bob wanted to "wheel" the family "flivver" out of the garage and take his friend Ronald for a "spin" about the country, but Mr. Grayson made it very emphatic that such a venture should not be undertaken.

"Remember," he said, "apart, you lads are perfectly safe from the activities of the Black Forces, but when together, you both are in danger -- if there is a possibility of an accident."

Even a short trip would have proven to be out of the question, for the aircraft plant where Bob Workman had been employed, prior to his trip to South America, had hardly waited for him to arrive in Casa Del Rey before they pleaded for his immediate return to work. Mr. Workman made it a point to show Ronald about, but the demands to fulfill speaking engagements occupied most of his time and curtailed the extensiveness of Ronald's trips. The lad was delighted with the Workman "rancho" which was situated just over the hill from their home.

He busied himself among the vegetables, fruit, and flowers of the garden. Here, he took full advantage of the wonderful opportunity to work, meditate, reflect, and "to get right back to nature." Bob requested the "graveyard shift," this made it possible to join his friend afternoons. The two Novices had a wonderful time working, discussing various topics, and acquiring a beautiful tan in the golden sunshine. Ronald enjoyed his vacation for some time. Then, one day he received notice from the War Department to return to duty.

On one of Bob's free nights, during the last few days of Ronald's leave, the two Novices "camped" in the old "Hut" in the valley for the night. After they had eaten, they built a fire in the huge fireplace and began to discuss the constant danger to which they were exposed when together, and the fact that each was perfectly safe when they were apart, regardless of the threatening danger.

"I suppose," Ronald remarked, after a period of reminiscence, "I should not have asked Mr. Grayson, just before he ~~de~~ parted yesterday, why we -- you and I -- were in constant danger together, and to tell me why we are supposed to be in perfect safety when apart, but curiosity got the better of me."

"You know," responded Bob, "I started to ask him that same

question at least a dozen times, but each time something seemed to stop me. Tell me his answer."

"Well," replied Ronald, "after a few moments of reflection, he said, 'would rather not answer your question, if you don't mind. I think it best to wait until the White Forces reveal this information to you.'"

"Mr. Grayson is very wise," said Bob, continuing the conversation. "It is probably best that we do not know the answer to this question."

"You are absolutely right, Bob," agreed Ronald. "But, it certainly piques one's curiosity not to know the answer."

"Do you know," questioned Ronald, "we can't even go for a ride in the car together without running the danger of being mortally injured? Why, it is even dangerous for us to cross the highway at the same time, for fear an auto might suddenly appear out of nowhere, run us down, and kill us instantly."

"I realize all this sounds like fairy tales," chuckled Bob. "I would be more than skeptical if it weren't for the confidence I have in Mr. Grayson and the fact our group received such 'special attention' from the Forces of Evil during our trip from South America. I am positively convinced that the Forces of Destruction can, and do, work through the four elements -- 'fire, air, earth, and water.' Of course, they only go to such lengths when they have something great to gain, or probably something equally great to lose."

"Mr. Grayson told me that you and I were the cause of all the trouble our group experienced during that trip," related Ronald. "He said nothing of any unusual nature would have occurred if we had not been on that particular trip. Well, it hardly seems fair that all of the other members of our party had to experience the fury the Black Forces exhibited just on our account."

"They didn't know the Forces of Evil were trying to destroy the two of us" informed Bob. "However, they were aware of the great conflict that took place, and realized the White Forces had definitely outwitted the Evil Forces in the end."

"Yes," acknowledged Ronald, "I can see how everyone of them was benefitted by the experience, and when I say 'everyone' I am including the members of the various crews too."

"Not only our group and the crew members were benefitted by the experience," laughed Bob, "but I am confident the Forces of Darkness, who are very wise, but, of course, not all wise, learned they can never again be sure of success in any of their

diabolical undertakings when they attempt to destroy those who are favored by the White Forces."

"Wouldn't it be thrilling," began Ronald after a few moments of silent reflection, "if one could leave his physical body, and roam the 'other world' -- the world of spirit? One could see for himself just what takes place, and how the White Forces do their work."

"It certainly would," replied Bob, with enthusiasm. "I have often thought of it. The first thing I would do, if I were permitted the privilege, would be to ask the White Forces -- those dealing with the human race -- many questions. Of course, I would first ask about the origin of the Forces of White. Then, I would inquire about their work in general and about the work they are doing for mankind. Also, I would like to know just why some of the members of the White Forces became the Black Forces -- the Forces of Evil -- away back 'in the beginning', long before the human race ever existed."

"Some day," Ronald added, "we'll have that privilege. I imagine we'll both spend a lot of time getting first-hand information from those who have lived through the eons of the past. They certainly could give us most wonderful information."

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Bob and Ronald, even though both were far on the Path of Individuality; keenly missed each other's company. When they finally parted, they were not at all certain they would see each other again. However, they hoped they would. They both realized they were to be used by the White Forces, in some definite manner, to usher in the New Dispensation. Just how, they did not, of course, know.

Bob remained at the aircraft factory. It seemed his energy--physical and mental -- now knew no bounds. He received promotions. These did not reflect his ego in the slightest.

Previous to his trip to the Abbey of Aquarius in South America, Ronald had been on the war front. He had a plane shot from under him. He had landed all in one piece, but seriously injured. At that time, no one thought he would live to fly again. Now, he was in perfect health, and flying better than he had ever done before.

He became an instructor in the air corps. He was happy in his work, but training others to fly isn't as thrilling as being in actual combat. Ronald did not allow the idea of non-combatant service to bother him. He definitely knew he was where the White Forces wanted him to be. That compensated for the lack of "sky action" over the "front lines".

He was regarded by his Cadets as a hero. This made it possible for him to quickly influence them for good. He inoculated them with New Age truths, entirely without their realizing it. Of course, it was done with exceedingly good judgment. Otherwise he would have been considered a "sky pilot," and that would have spoiled everything.

Ronald was never associated with a group of Air Corps Cadets very long until he began to "knock mass-mindedness" out of them. He was able, to some extent, to change them over to Budding Individuals. A few were given special instruction -- secretly, quietly, and after duty. Ronald knew the law of the INVISIBLE -- "Those who do a good work SECRETLY cannot be molested by the Satanic Forces."

He was thrilled with his work, especially the secret, Inner Work he was able to do among his men. It made the days, which seem long and tedious to those not knowing the purpose of life, all too short for him.

He delighted in receiving letters -- personal letters. This was his one "great weakness." His replies were prompt and filled with interesting ideas. As soon as he was off duty, or the first opportunity to be alone, he would read his mail. Most of his letters were from "Cadets" who had "won their wings," and were now disbursed to the four quarters of the globe.

Bob and Ronald corresponded regularly. Both of the youths were EXPANDING into LIFE in a wonderful way. When they wrote each other, they had more to exchange than just news of the world or its petty events.

One day Ronald wrote Bob: "This can't possibly be a military secret, so I am conveying the idea to you. A strange feeling has been impressing itself upon me for several days. I feel I am to be transferred from my station shortly. Not being psychic I haven't the slightest idea where I might be going, if I am going any place at all.

"It seems," Ronald continued in the letter, "I am to experience the unusual. Since I have had considerable experience with the unusual before I met you and since I met you (you haven't forgotten our trip from South America) I can't quite understand what it will be. I have a feeling I shall soon be back in the thick of the fight. Yet, the strangest part of it is that I do not feel I am going to have any part in it. Perhaps I am going to be transferred to the Medical Department??? I don't know the first thing about medicine. It is true, I know a little about 'first aid' -- perhaps I shall be assigned to the Marines as a 'first aide de camp.' Anyway, I'll let you know more about my 'hallucination' when something definite materializes. Until then, give this idea no more thought."

Bob received the letter and according to Ronald's suggestion, gave the idea no more thought. Two days later, it suddenly occurred to him there was something to Ronald's 'hallucination,' a great deal more than Ronald surmised.

"Ronald is going to be promoted," was the thought that flashed into Bob's mind. "Not only that, he is going on a long journey. I wonder where it will be -- Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Egypt? I hope he will be able to get a furlough before he leaves. If we don't see each other soon, it may be months before we will meet again." Bob hastily wrote Ronald to this effect.

In a few days, Bob received a letter by air mail from Ronald: "My 'premonition' was right. I am being transferred. I am not allowed to say where; we mustn't let the enemy have the slightest opportunity to obtain secrets, but I can tell you I will be much closer to you than I am here.

"My work," began the second page of Ronald's letter, "will be the same as it has been here -- instructing. However, the part of my 'premonition' about being on the 'firing line' doesn't fit. Oh well, better 'premonitions' next time."

Bob was overjoyed with the news of Ronald's return to the west. Now they would see each other, occasionally, at least.

A few days later another message came to Bob: "Well, I am on my way West. We took off earlier in the day. Not a very eventful air trip -- not as you and I know them. A number of my Cadets who have just won their wings are aboard. They are discussing things philosophical. Several old-line Army Officers are along. They are going to                   . We are almost there now. I shall ask one of them to mail this letter for me as it will save a day's time on delivery. We turn off here . . . . ."

This was the last letter Bob ever received from Ronald. The newspapers carried large headlines the next morning of the plane mysteriously crashing into the side of a mountain -- killing every person on board.

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THE AWAKENING.  
Part Two

Ronald's sudden departure from this life was a shock to Bob. Mr. Grayson wrote him, and his letter was a great consolation. "Bob," he said in the letter, "don't try to understand Ronald's promotion to a higher life at this time. I am confident that before many weeks have passed, all will be made clear to you."

"Let me assure you that until certain things have been revealed to you, you will be in great danger of the malicious activities directed against you by the Forces of Evil. Be constantly on guard and you will outwit them at every turn."

The young philosopher took this advice in the spirit it was given. After a number of weeks, keeping himself busy at accomplishing constructive things during every waking moment, the feeling of despair and loneliness, which every great soul experiences, began to subside. "The darker the night, the brighter the day following," was the old mystical axiom with which Bob reminded himself time and time again.

Soon, he became aware of a delightful change taking place. He still missed Ronald. However, employing the knowledge he possessed pertaining to things mystical, he began to realize that when one passes from the limitations of the flesh, especially if one is an INDIVIDUAL, there must be a good reason. So by such a trend of thought, Bob gradually departed from the depression of mind -- "The winter of life" -- and experienced the "springtime" of a more elated mental attitude.

He went to the "Rancho" for the first time in several months. He began to enjoy working in the garden again. He soon realized the same joy he had when Ronald used to work in the garden with him. The feeling of Ronald's presence became so real, Bob often would look up from his work to see where Ronald might be in order to say something to him. At first, this perplexed him. After a while, he accepted the idea that Ronald was present, even though he was not able to see him.

Bob had not spent a night at the "hut" since he and Ronald had "camped" there several months before. He worked quite late at the "Rancho" one Saturday evening when the thought occurred to him: "Why not stay here for the night?" He built a fire in the stove and prepared a meal.

In the morning he awakened greatly refreshed and in a high state of spirit. He had a wonderful dream of seeing Ronald and having an engrossing conversation with him. However, he was unable to remember a single thing they had discussed.

Bob made a point to spend each Saturday night at the "Hut." Each night there, invariably he experienced the same type of dream -- Ronald and he were discussing many interesting subjects. But try as he would, he was unable to remember their conversations. Finally, he decided he would impress the idea of remembering his conversations with Ronald upon his subconscious realm of mind so definitely that he would remember what they had discussed when he awakened the following morning.

He realized success, for he definitely recalled asking Ronald how he could remember their conversations. "Don't try to remember our discussions just yet. The time will come shortly, if we continue to meet each other in this manner, when you will be sufficiently INDIVIDUALIZED to remember everything."

One Saturday evening, a few weeks later, after Bob had retired, he was half awakened by someone calling "Bob!" Soon, he was sound asleep again. Once more he heard his name being called. He was about to lapse back into slumber when he heard: "Bob, wake up. This is Ronald -- I want to talk to you."

Bob opened his eyes. The room was quite light. At first, he thought it was morning, but the light was too cheerful and golden. Bob glanced at his watch and according to it, he had been asleep for about an hour. The wood in the fireplace was still burning quite brightly. It was then that Bob began to realize it was morning -- but not an earthly morning.

"I thought you were never going to awaken," chided a voice pleasantly from the other side of the bed.

Bob instantly recognized the voice of Ronald, and sure enough, there was Ronald sitting in a chair not more than a foot from the bed. Bob sat up in amazement.

"Put it here," said Ronald, extending a friendly hand.

"Gee, Ronald," exclaimed Bob, as he grasped his friend's hand, "I - I - I thought you were d - a - dead."

"Of course I am dead," laughed Ronald. "That is, my body is dead. It got killed when the plane 'cracked up' in the mountains on my trip West, but, remember, your body isn't really you -- it is just something you acquire at the dinner table."

"But," protested Bob, still bewildered, "you look terribly real for a person who is a spirit and hasn't any body. Why, you are real. Didn't I just shake hands with you?"

"Certainly you did," replied Ronald with a smile. "Your hand felt real to me, too. So why shouldn't mine feel equally real -- solid -- to you?"

"But you are a spirit," Bob protested. "I am still in the flesh."

Bob was sitting on the edge of the bed by this time. After viewing Ronald for a time he put a rather timid hand on Ronald's shoulder, squeezing it, and then gently shook it.

"You certainly feel real," said Bob, half to himself.

"To tell you the truth, Bob," replied Ronald, "right at the present moment you, too, are a spirit -- that is, you are out of your body. When you go to bed at night, going to sleep is nothing more than slipping out of your physical body so the sub-conscious realm of mind can repair the body without any interference from your conscious mind -- from you."

"But Ronald," protested Bob, "I am not out of my body. Here, look at my legs and arms. Notice how solid they are."

Ronald grasped Bob's hand: "Yes," he said, "you are very real. There isn't a doubt about that. But the hand I have just grasped and am holding, is your spirit hand. I, as a spirit, couldn't possibly touch your physical hand -- my spirit hand would pass right through it."

"If you and I were not in spiritual attunement," continued Ronald, "our spirit hands would pass through each other. In this Higher World all is vibration, and vibrations must be nearly equal if they are to contact one another. While it is impossible for those of a lower vibration to raise theirs (except by gradual EXPANSION into LIFE) it is possible for those of a higher vibration to lower theirs sufficiently to 'synchronize' with those of a being on a lower vibration. This is done whenever it is necessary for the higher to contact the lower."

"Flesh forms," explained Ronald, "are very real in the physical world; just as spirit forms are very real in the meta-physical or Super-Physical World -- the World of Spirit."

"I can understand that," replied Bob. "But I never realized before that spirit bodies when vibrating on or near the same rate are so tangible to each other. I would think my physical body, which I know is much lower in vibration than my spiritual body, would so lower my spirit vibration that you would not be able to reduce yours to meet mine."

"That would be true, Bob," replied Ronald, "if you were in your physical body. However, when the physical body goes to sleep you, the real YOU, passes completely out of the physical 'man.' You are entirely out of your physical body at this moment. You are awake in the Super-Physical World which, of course, is very real."

"But Ronald," protested Bob, "I am not out of my physical body at this moment. I am very much in it."

Ronald laughed heartily, which somewhat bewildered Bob. Finally, Ronald remarked:

"If you are in your body, then whose body is that peacefully sleeping in bed just back of you?"

Bob Workman looked around. There, to his amazement, was his physical counterpart peacefully slumbering beneath the covers of the bed. The sub-conscious realm of mind -- that part of it which always remains with the physical body until death -- was busily engaged keeping his body functioning. For a moment, Bob thought he was dead. Then he saw his physical chest rise and fall in normal breathing. He began to realize he was very much alive and to understand his body was in the physical world and he was in the Super-Physical World.

After some time of regarding his earthly body, Bob turned to Ronald and remarked with a smile: "This is the first time I have ever looked myself in the face."

Ronald laughed heartily and replied: "Well, you have something on me. I never had that privilege when I was in my physical body."

The two were soon engaged in a very interesting discussion regarding conditions in the "Other World," as Ronald called it. Then Bob asked: "If it is permissible, I wish you would tell me why both of us were in constant danger of being killed by the Black Forces while you were in this physical life. Just what did they have against us that made them so desirous of removing us from this world?"

"That is exactly what I wanted to explain to you this very moment," replied Ronald enthusiastically. "The human race has now entered the outer circle of the New Day. But, before it can advance very far it must know something of the Higher World, and of things to come. When this information is widely given to the human race, it will, quite naturally, cause the Forces of Evil to lose their grip upon humanity, and that is the one thing the Evil Forces can't afford to lose, for when this comes to pass, their days will be definitely numbered."

"In what way, Ronald," asked Bob, "does this affect you and me? What part do we play?"

"Just this," explained Ronald. "You and I were selected by the White Forces to give certain information to mankind regarding their work, and also to tell something of the activities of the Black Forces, so that humanity can be on guard. The Evil

Forces were aware of this plan, and if they could have killed both of us on our way from South America, or while I was staying here with you, they would have gained their objective.

"You see, if both of us had been removed from our bodies in death, we both would have been in the Outer World, and neither could have returned with a message for humanity -- there would have been no one to give the message to; but as it is, I am in one world, you are in the other, and the connection is perfect."

After pondering on this thought for some time, Bob remarked: "Then it was the White Forces, and not the Evil ones, that removed you from this world?"

"Exactly so," approved Ronald. "And now if the Forces of Evil can bring about your death, Bob, they would win their objective -- we would both be on the 'same side of the fence,' so to speak. Our work would be completely nullified, and so you must take great care that you remain in the flesh, at least until the message is given to the world. Once this has been accomplished, the Forces of Evil will have other and more important activities (more important to them) than to continue to plot death for you."

Bob was tremendously impressed with the work that Ronald and he were elected to do. Bob desired to get started at once, but Ronald advised: "Next week, if you are still in the 'land of the living,' we will begin the Great Work."

"You know best," replied Bob. Then, after a few moments, he ventured: "You know, Ronald, you haven't told me a thing about yourself, your New Life, or what you are doing."

"I never was so happy in all my life, Bob. I am on the 'firing line,' just as my 'premonition' said I would be. But, more about me, my passing, and my labor here at a later date."

Next morning, when Bob awoke, he was overjoyed -- he had remembered everything perfectly that he and Ronald had discussed.

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THE FIRST CREATION  
Part Three

Bob Workman put in a busy week. His hours had been changed and he now was on the day shift. He lived less than a mile and a half from his work. However, the route he took was nearly two miles. He left his home in the morning and went directly to the ocean and walked along the seashore. In this way, he made it impossible for any of his friends with an automobile to offer him a ride either to or from work. It would have been rather difficult for Bob to explain just why he couldn't accept a "lift."

Bob had no "close calls" with the Black Forces during the week. If he did, he had not known about them. When Saturday arrived, he went to the "hut" in the secluded little valley. He worked in the garden until dusk and then prepared his evening repast in the old adobe house. It was rather a good meal even though cooking was not one of Bob's accomplishments.

After the meal was over and the few dishes washed, he sat in a comfortable old chair facing the cheerful blaze he had kindled in the fireplace. The large kerosene lamp of two generations ago, gave a good light and Bob proceeded to read, hoping he would become sleepy. He purposely selected a "dry," old book to make him drowsy. By ten o'clock, he was so wide awake the very thought of sleep seemed futile.

He became quite perplexed. Then, a peculiar thought raced through his mind. "This is the work of the Black Forces," he said to himself. "I have been able to elude them all week, but now they have me 'licked' -- unless I can go to sleep, I will not be able to communicate with Ronald."

Bob got up and began to pace the floor. "Well, you can't go to sleep walking the floor," was the thought that flashed through his mind. "Why don't you go to bed?"

Going to bed didn't do a bit of good. After a period of tossing, Bob looked at his watch. It was nearly eleven-thirty. Then he remembered something he had learned at the Monastery:

Relax from head to foot and stay relaxed. Do not try to quiet your mind but stand to one side and just watch, as disinterestedly as possible, what your mind is thinking about, or the pictures it is forming.

Immediately, Bob relaxed his body from head to foot. He had to perform this "ritual" several times before every muscle was relaxed. Then, he had to keep his attention on all parts of his relaxed body for a little while to be certain the muscles stayed flaccid. After that, it was just a simple matter to

"step aside" and watch the mind think and form mental pictures. The thoughts ran along in an unbroken chain, one suggested another, then faded away. In a little while Bob was sound asleep.

Bob had hardly gone to sleep when he was awake again with his mind even more alert than before. He was slightly annoyed and said out loud to himself: "Well, I'll just have to relax and put myself to sleep all over again."

"That won't be necessary, Bob," stated a cheerful voice which was Ronald's. "You are asleep physically, but psychically, you are wide awake and out in this Other World."

Bob opened his psychic eyes, and sure enough, it was Ronald sitting beside the bed in a chair.

"Gee, Ronald," he remarked apologetically, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I just couldn't get to sleep for several hours." Bob arose and sat on the edge of the bed. He looked around to be real sure his physical body was still in bed under the covers, so REAL did he feel.

"You could have quieted yourself," explained Ronald, "and gone to sleep at ten o'clock just as easily as you did now, if you had put your mind to it."

"While you were tossing about -- not putting forth any quieting effect upon body and brain -- you were actually working with the Black Forces, although you were not aware of it. That is exactly what they planned for you to do. However, when you firmly took yourself in hand and slipped over to the side of the White Forces, before long you were sound asleep."

"Understand from this," replied Bob, "that the Great Work of the White Forces is to neutralize the influence of the Evil Forces so a human being, whether mass-minded or Individual, can always do what he desires to do without interference of any outside influence."

"You are correct," replied Ronald. "That has been the Work of the White Forces ever since there was a human race."

"The Work of the White Forces is to neutralize the darkness and ignorance in which the Forces of Evil have shrouded the human race."

"The Forces of Darkness will put forth every effort to maintain the race in age-old shackles of ignorance. The White Forces will put forth still greater effort and will dispel and dissolve the darkness of the Evil Ones, again and again. The Forces of White will also expose the Forces of Evil, and to the

extent that even the mass-minded of human beings cannot doubt the existence of the two great unseen forces dealing directly with mankind -- the White Forces, and the Forces of Evil.

"The time is coming when the Evil Forces will actually materialize with great signs and wonders. For a time, many of the mass-minded will be completely fooled. They will think these signs and wonders are from the White Forces. However, the mass-minded will not be in a state of misunderstanding for very long.

"Since I came over to this side of Life," continued Ronald, "I have learned a great deal about the Forces of White, and no small amount about the Forces of Evil. I have been given a special course. My Instructors have been MEMBERS of the White Forces. I now know the origin of Good and also that of evil. It is about these things I am to impart certain information to you, so you, in turn, can give it to the world of flesh and blood."

"I will receive the instruction and information with great joy" replied Bob. "Not so much for myself, but for the human beings in this world who need it so badly."

"You know a great deal about the subject already," began Ronald. "But, like me, before I departed from the earth life and was given a full opportunity to study the White Forces, you require a clear interpretation of unseen things in order to pass this information on and present it in such a way that it will do the utmost good.

"Let us start away back 'in the beginning'" suggested Ronald. "Back, back before anything physical was created -- such as suns, stars, planets, moons, and old mother earth. The FIRST CREATION was that of the innumerable hosts of angels. At that time, there was nothing but GOOD in all of existence. The angels, from the least to the greatest, were all good. They were unable to be otherwise, for they did not possess the ability, or the desire to be different. They weren't free moral agents. So, you can't give them any credit for being good when they were not able to desire to be even slightly evil.

"They had brilliant minds and were highly intelligent -- they were created that way. However, they were really automatons and functioned automatically in response to the direction of their Creator. There was not an INDIVIDUAL among them, for there can be no INDIVIDUALITY when free will does not exist. Hence, the unformed universe was filled with God and unindividualized Good -- Angelic Beings.

"In order to remove the angels from the automaton class, it was necessary to give them free will. Suddenly, every angel

was given this priceless possession. Each one became an Individual with the freedom of choice -- they were able to decide for themselves whether they would travel the Upward Path or take the Downward Path.

"In order that the angels would have absolute free choice and not be unduly influenced either way, the desire for traveling the Downward Path needed to be equal to the desire for traveling the Upward Path. After pondering the matter seriously the angels -- now possessing reason, judgment, and free will -- made their decisions. Two-thirds of them chose, of their own FREE WILL, the Upward Path. The rest, with equal FREEDOM OF WILL, chose the Downward Path. So, from that moment unto the present, there have been Angels on the Upward Path -- known as the White Forces -- and the Angels on the Downward Path -- the Black Forces.

"The Angels who chose the Upward Path are called the White Forces because they are traveling Upward to greater LIGHT. Those who chose the Downward Path are called the Black Forces because they are constantly traveling downward into greater DARKNESS.

"The SECOND CREATION was the creation of the physical universe -- suns, stars, moons, our earth. The angels created nothing, but they assisted in the work.

"The THIRD and final CREATION was that of man. But, we will discuss the human race a little later.

"There are NINE Orders of Angels. The two lowest orders are the Angels, and the Archangels. The two highest Orders -- the 8th and 9th -- are the Cherubim and the Seraphim.

"The Cherubim are the Angels of Light. Lucifer was the greatest of this glorious host of angelic beings.

"The Seraphim (highest order) are the Angels of Love.

"Love is the greatest thing in the world: but Light -- reason, judgment, intellect -- must rule, because Love is not endowed (whether in angel or in man) with these faculties. Love without reason is foolish. Reason without Love is hard and cruel. When there is a perfect blending of 'Head and Heart' -- Light and Love -- the UNION is the most wonderful thing in all of Creation!

"The Angels who fell with Lucifer, began to take on a nature just opposite to the one they had possessed formerly. Those who had radiated LOVE throughout the universe, now sent forth wave after wave of blind hatred. Those who had been angels of Light, radiated lurid darkness. Those who had been entrusted

with the orderly rotation of the suns, stars, and planets of the universe, deserted their places and purposely crashed suns and planets together. The wreckage has been partly cleared away and consigned to a huge scrap pile. The people of the earth call it the 'Milky Way,' but it is known by another name among the Celestial Beings.

"The earth was almost ruined. It wobbles around its orbit in a state of intoxication to this day. The fallen angels were herded to this insignificant little planet. It is the only place in the whole of Creation that Lucifer -- Satan -- and his followers can call 'home.' They will not be able to call it that much longer, for it soon will be nothing less than a prison to them. This is the reason the Black Forces are putting forth such super-human effort at this time. They want to stave off their day of total incarceration just a little longer.

"And now, Bob," concluded Ronald, "you have the whole matter revealed to you regarding the existence of good and evil -- that is all there is to it."

"You have made the matter very clear," replied Bob. "Evidently, since you became a member of the Larger World you have had an opportunity to study much, or perhaps, you have had a very good instructor."

"To tell you the truth," informed Ronald, "I have had the best of instructors -- Angels."

"Do you mean to tell me, Ronald," questioned Bob with amazement, "that you have conversed with Angels!"

"Exactly so," replied Ronald. "But I must inform you such a procedure -- angels engaging in conversation -- has been, in the past, the exception to the rule. Now, a great change is taking place. Human beings are becoming so INDIVIDUALIZED through the efforts of certain great groups of Angels, that the Angels can now instruct them when they pass over to this side by word of mouth. Then those discarnate human beings who have been specially instructed, pass the information on to those who, like yourself, are yet in the physical body on earth."

"Ronald," questioned Bob. "Why is it the Angels who have the destiny of the human race in their charge, do not directly contact human beings who are still in the flesh and instruct them regarding the many things an Individual should know?"

"It is a matter of vibration, Bob," explained Ronald. "An Angel, in order to contact a human being and instruct him, would have to lower his angelic vibration to such an extent in order not to injure the human being -- blind the poor human for life or shatter his entire nervous system -- that as a result, the

Angel would almost lose consciousness. It has been done in the past a number of times. It was possible because the human being had a very high vibration, and the Angel was successful in lowering his.

"Since passing over to this side, I have discovered many of the Brothers of the Abbey of Aquarius are able to raise their psychical and physical vibrations so as to be directly instructed by the Angels.

"Instructions never require a great deal of time. The Angels seem to know in advance exactly what a human desires to know. So, at the psychological moment, the Angels, appear to deliver their instructions in a friendly, unhurried manner, and then depart for another and similar activity.

"Of course, not just one Fellowship of Angels is dealing with humanity; there are a great number of groups."

"Ronald," said Bob, "I do not understand about these Orders of Angels of which you have spoken."

"As I mentioned before," explained Ronald, "there are NINE Orders of Angels. Each Order is considerably higher in rank than the preceding Order. Those in the Lowest Order are known as Angels. In the Second Order, they are known as Archangels. The 8th Order, being the Cherubim, while the 9th and highest, is the Seraphim. But only the Angels and Archangels ever have direct dealing with the human race. It is usually the Angels who contact them. Once in a great period of time an Archangel will appear, but only for some great purpose.

"Among each of the NINE Orders of Angels, there are subdivisions -- Fellowships. The Lowest Order of Angels is equal in size to all the remaining Orders. It is divided into many Fellowships. Some of these special groups have as few as five hundred Angels in them. In some of the larger Fellowships there are about fifty thousand. The size of each Fellowship is dependent upon the nature and the extent of the work it is dedicated to do.

"I have no idea how many groups of Angels are assigned directly or indirectly to the human race, or the number of those who keep the fallen Angels -- Black Forces -- in check. The checking of the followers of Lucifer is not difficult for enough White Force can be used to block them immediately when they attempt to cross certain boundaries. The dealing with human beings requires the greatest of patience and skill -- a human being is unpredictable, even to an Angel. Fallen Angels 'go insane' endeavoring to determine just what a human being will do next.

"It is unpleasant to an Angel to have to apply the 'lash' to the human race in order to keep it progressing. However, it has to be done. Still, nothing is quite so thrilling to an Angel as the realization that another human being has turned from the mass-minded to Budding Individuality. That, in itself, compensates for all the unpleasantness.

"The Angels who work indirectly for humanity deal with what men call Nature. Of course, there is no such thing as Nature. Everything from the moving of great groups of planets and suns in their orbits, to the germination of tiny seeds is done by intelligence -- by Angels assigned to that particular work. Things just don't happen, everything that occurs throughout the earth and the material universe is brought about by Unseen Intelligence."

"From what you have explained to me, Ronald," began Bob after a pause, "it would seem all of the White Angels are busily engaged in some constructive activity, often of a strenuous nature. This would indicate the Angels are not the simpering, moronic-looking, winged maidens we so often see characterized on Christmas cards and on Easter posters."

"You are right, Bob," said Ronald after a hearty laugh. "Angels aren't at all like man's conception of them. In the first place, female Angels do not exist -- they never did. There isn't a place in the Bible that even so much as suggested Angels are of feminine form."

"The female form is of earthly origin -- it was constructed for the purpose of bringing new-born human beings into the physical world. There is no marrying or giving in marriage beyond the earth-life. The Scriptures definitely state this. In the Heaven World, 'all are as Angels.'

"It is fortunate the Angels have a keen sense of humor. When one of them discovers an artist of the earth depicting them as teen-age, boarding school lassies attired in long 'nighties' with little wings sprouting from their shoulder blades, an Angel will occasionally call to his near-by fellows so they, too, can view and enjoy a laugh. Yes, the Angels have a great sense of humor. Especially when a human unwittingly makes them a subject of a joke.

"Only the melancholy, the self-pitiers, and the sentimental religious on earth, and in the lower astral world over here, never laugh. Since the Angels do not fall in these brackets, they laugh often. They are the very essence of joy, happiness, and mirth. If any human being would EXPAND his Spiritual Department of Life to the greatest advantage he must be serious and joyous at the same time -- must laugh often, but not too often."

"Tell me something regarding the age, appearance, and the clothing of the Angels, Ronald," asked Bob.

"I once asked an Angel," Ronald began his reply, "to tell me, if it were possible to make me understand, how old he was. He realized I would not be able to comprehend his age in figures, so he said: 'Imagine the earth -- the entire earth including everything in it -- suddenly turning into tiny particles of sand. Let each one of those grains of sand represent a million of your earth years; the combined total will give you some idea of the age of Angels -- they were all created at the same time.'

"When one contacts a being that old," continued Ronald, "one would think the being would show some signs of age. Not with the Angels. They never seem to be older than a twenty-one year old person. This is not so remarkable, however, when you realize time doesn't exist in the Other World. At least, it doesn't among the White Forces and those human beings on this side who are on the Upward Path

"I tell you, Bob, this world is the World of Youth. When earth folks die at a ripe old age and come over here they soon start growing younger. That is, of course, if they are Budding Individuals or INDIVIDUALS.

"Old age, as you and I learned at the Monastery in South America, is a matter of growing old mentally. This, in turn, causes one to age physically.

"Angels are not little creatures. I have never seen any of them under six feet in height. They are clothed in light, perhaps fire would be a better word. Their garments are changing constantly from fiery white to various shades of color and back to white again -- the change of hue depends upon the thought or mood the Angel is experiencing at the moment.

"Some Angels have wings. The Other World is not dependent upon air. Therefore, wings are of no consequence as a mode of propelling one's self from place to place. Thought takes everyone where he desires to go. Hence, one must watch his thoughts lest he find himself a vast distance from where he has been.

"Certain of the Angels do have wings. They are for the purpose of directing great rays of energy against the Black Forces -- to hold them earth-bound -- and to direct great groups of human beings, either in the flesh or those who are in the Other world, and supply them with mental or physical energy to accomplish the work of the White Forces."

"I don't suppose," remarked Bob, "you have had the time or inclination to glean much information concerning the Black Forces or Evil Angels?"

"Very little from first-hand experience," replied Ronald. "It is true, when one is near the earth's surface, especially where there are numbers of human beings, one will see members of the Black Fraternity on every hand and side. It is very easy for them to give the impression they are Angels of Light to humanity. This is simple for them. The Forces of Evil have very low vibrations and often do not have to reduce their vibrations at all in order to vibrate on the same plane with men.

"These fallen Angels are of every imaginable size and shape. Some are, as you imagine, little imps, others are big, unproportioned and horrible to look upon. Many of the lower order of angels who fell with Lucifer seem to have completely lost their minds. They rave and howl like maniacs -- not just occasionally, but constantly. Truly there is 'weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth' among them.

"The greater fallen angels are seldom seen. They work from within the earth. The nearer to the center of earth they can get, the closer they are to all surface points and in this position they can direct the activities of the less powerful fallen angels among mankind upon the face of the earth.

"None of the Black Forces have any love for each other. I am told, they take great delight in making conditions just as miserable for each other as possible. The only time they will cooperate is when they definitely see they will be unable to accomplish something that would be impossible to do alone. But the moment the desired end is gained, they start battling among themselves for the spoils. So the strife and turmoil continues ceaselessly among the Infernal Beings."

"It seems to me," said Bob thoughtfully, "that after a few million years of quarreling and fighting with one another, they would get so weary of such an existence they would be glad to retrace their steps, if they could, and again become members of the White Forces."

"That is a reasonable conclusion," replied Ronald. "One day, when I had an opportunity to speak to one of these evil angels who seemed to have been worsted in a sort of 'gang fight,' I politely asked him: 'What is all of this fighting getting you? You have been doing it a long time, I understand, and you seem to be the loser.'

"I perceive you are a human being," he replied with a note of contempt in his voice. "Naturally, you do not know about these things. I shall be glad to enlighten you about the matter. Yes, I am a fallen angel. I regret the fall at times. Right at the moment, I especially do. See these wands?"

He stretched forth a powerfully developed but ugly arm.

It looked as though it had been plunged into a huge meat grinder. He showed me the other. It was even worse. Other parts of his body revealed great, gaping wounds but no blood seemed to be in evidence.

"Now," he continued, "Watch this wound on my arm. Notice it is beginning to heal and to return to normal shape. In a little while, it will be as good as it was before I started to fight."

"I was amazed. The wound was now less than half its original size. His lacerated chest which, a few minutes ago, showed bare ribs was almost healed over.

"Every one of these wounds is infernally painful," the demon explained. "But all pain will leave the moment they heal. Then, I shall feel like fighting again. You wonder why we fight! If you only knew the thrill of causing another to suffer, you would not ask such a stupid question. Perhaps, in the very next fight, I will be the victor. I will have inflicted all of the wounds without having received one. Then I shall be amply repaid for all of the pain I have now experienced."

"By this time his entire body was almost healed. As the pain grew less, his attitude became more and more belligerent.

"I said to him, like an innocent lamb: 'You know, we are right at the end of the Old Dispensation. If you are going to do any "repenting," it must be done quickly.'

"With an oath, the like of which I have never heard from a mortal, he suddenly struck at me with his clenched fist. Fortunately for me, his fist did not quite contact my chin. A powerful hand of dazzling flame suddenly appeared and grasped the demon's wrist and flung him bodily an incredible distance. He picked himself up and hurriedly sneaked away, much to the fiendish delight of the greater and lesser demons present.

"The Angel who 'materialized' just in the nick of time, certainly saved my chin from receiving a terrible blow.

"Whenever it is necessary," the Angel explained to me, "if it is ever necessary again, for you to converse with a demon, watch that your vibration does not lower to his. If it does, you run the risk of being severely wounded. If this demon had actually hit you, as he planned all along, he would have been openly admired and secretly envied by all the members of his diabolical crew."

"From that time on," continued Ronald, "my missionary work has been strictly confined to the human species."

"It seems almost incredible," remarked Bob, "that a being who was once upon a time a member of the White Forces could change so completely in nature that if he had the opportunity to return to his former state, he would not grasp the opportunity."

"There is only one thing," answered Ronald, "that would have the slightest effect upon the fallen angels to want to return -- the prospect of their complete annihilation at the end of time. Their fear of being destroyed is most amazing. When I told the demon 'we are all at the end of the Old Dispensation,' he knew far better than I just what that would mean to him.

"No one knows when the 'end' will come -- not even the Angels in Heaven know that. However, there is every indication the Old Order, both on earth and IN the earth, will come to an end before long. The Demons, including their leader, the fallen Lucifer, will be thrown into the 'bottomless pit' upon which the lid will be securely fastened for a thousand years."

"Just how can we who are still in the flesh assist in ushering in the New Dispensation?" asked Bob.

"It is very simple," replied Ronald. "All you have to do is to pass on the information that the New Dispensation is already dawning upon the earth, and that the Old Dispensation is soon to pass away. Then, inform those who are Budding Individuals -- which includes all those interested in the work the White Forces are doing among mankind -- of the simple details of the Work of the White Forces. Explain to them how the Workers of Good are holding evil at bay so the human race can, if it will, go forward into full-blown INDIVIDUALITY.

"But until the human race becomes aware of the White Forces and their Work for humanity, men will forever attempt to lift themselves out of the mire they are in. This cannot be accomplished. No human being has ever been able to lift himself by his 'boot straps.' Only the Black Forces teach such nonsensical propositions. Their reason for doing it is to satisfy a very selfish purpose. They do it for gain and whenever the Forces of Evil gain, the human race loses something of great value."

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### THE THIRD CREATION Part Four

"Ronald," said Bob, "you told me much about the First Creation -- the creation of the Angels. You mentioned the Second Creation, which was the creation of the material universe. Now, I wish to know something regarding the Third Creation, which, as you indicated, is mankind -- the human race."

"There is but one difference," began Ronald, "between men and angels. Angels were created with a marvelous intellect that began functioning the moment they came into existence. The human race was brought into being without a knowing mind -- a conscious mind. In the beginning, mankind had a Super-Conscious Realm of Mind. It had been given a Sub-Conscious Realm of Mind, but the Conscious Mind was a blank. Perhaps, I should say, it was there but it had never been used. In contrast to this, the least of the First Order of Angels -- which is the lowest order -- came into existence with more knowledge than all the members of the human race now jointly possess."

"An Angel is like a gorgeous blossom. A human being, in comparison, is as a seed just beginning to sprout. Angels started high on the ladder of knowledge and wisdom. Human beings started at the lowest rung of the ladder.

"I asked an Angel why this should be, and he informed me:

"Without one race of beings, created in the image and likeness of God, starting with an embryonic mentality and proceeding upward from there, the Kingdom of God would never be complete."

"At first," explained Ronald, "I did not comprehend the meaning of this statement very well -- if at all. But finally, the significance of it began to dawn upon me. Without one race of beings starting on the very lowest rung of the ladder of mind and proceeding upward from there, there would always have been something missing in the World of Created Beings -- like a pyramid without a base. Or, let me say, a star with one point missing, or in the numerals from 1 to 9, the 1 would be absent."

"Shortly after the human race was brought into existence, it was taken out of the automaton class by being placed midway between the opposing forces of Good and Evil. This necessitated the human race to make choices at once. This exercise developed Conscious Mind. Hence, with mankind, it has always been a development of the intellect by the 'trial and error' method. Man made many mistakes at the start because he had no past, no experience, no memory of anything to guide him. As time passed, mankind developed memory, reason, judgment, and will."

"Mankind has now progressed so far that, like the Angels, he must decide of his own FREE WILL whether he is going to travel the Upward Path -- Upward and Onward Forever, or take the Downward Path and experience the same fate the future has in store for the fallen angels.

"Those of the human race who become Individuals, are definitely on the Upward Path. Although they may not realize it yet, they are actually working WITH Destiny.

"To become an Individual, as you know, one must develop all FIVE Departments of Life -- Spiritual, Mental, Physical, Social, and Financial. The Spiritual Department of Life is now the only Department in which mankind is greatly lacking development. The present world conflict is for the express purpose of EXPANDING humanity Spiritually. Those who respond to this awakening influence and progress from mass-mindedness into Spiritual Expansion -- INDIVIDUALITY -- will be guided by the White Forces into full-blossomed INDIVIDUALITY. From there, they will proceed quickly to the degree of EXPANSION where the Forces of Evil will have no more influence upon them. Quite naturally, from then on, they will be only slightly lower on the Upward Path than the Lowest or First Order of Angels.

"However, until this sublime EXPANSION has been achieved, there will be the ever-present influence of the Forces of Evil drawing human beings downward versus the ever-present influence of the White Forces drawing them upward. Therefore, mankind, to the end, will have FREE WILL."

"Then," remarked Bob, "the Black Forces do play a very definite part in the destiny of mankind at this time?"

"Very definite, is correct," replied Ronald. "Without the downward pull of the Forces of Evil, mankind would immediately lose FREE WILL. The human race would be absorbed into the White Forces and could never obtain INDIVIDUALITY. Or, if the influence of the Forces of Good were suddenly removed, mankind would suddenly be drawn downward and become a non-entity of the Black Forces.

"When the last human being of his own FREE WILL has made his decision, either to choose the Upward Path, or the Downward Path, the Forces of Evil will be chained. But, until that time, the fallen angels -- the Black Forces -- are being tolerated and used by the White Forces to give mankind FREE WILL -- free to choose the path he will eventually and eternally take.

"Of course, Bob," hastily explained Ronald, "don't give the Forces of Evil any credit for the work of holding mankind in this neutral, FREE-WILL position. They aren't at all interested in the human race. Their only interest is to use the human

creation to prolong their own diabolical existence."

"Don't the Forces of Evil know they are being used for the INDIVIDUALIZATION of the human race?" asked Bob.

"Yes, they definitely know that," replied Ronald. "Nothing makes them so furious as to realize they are being used constantly by the White Forces for a good cause. But, there is nothing the Forces of Evil can do about it. If they dissociated themselves from the human race, they would begin losing their POWER at once, which they 'vampirize' from the human race. This loss of POWER would bring their existence to an end all the sooner."

"The White Forces, although they have only THREE Departments of Life -- Spiritual, Mental, Social -- are able to work with, and through, Budding Individuals, Individuals, and INDIVIDUALS in all Five Departments of Life."

"The White Forces -- the Angels -- have the most amazing knowledge and wisdom, yet there are certain experiences they have never had. None of the White Angels have ever experienced pain in any form. They can't comprehend what pain is like in any form. Yet, in their ministrations to pain-ridden humanity, they are most understanding and compassionate, probably much more so for never having experienced pain. None of the White Angels have ever for a moment known fear, anxiety, anger, jealousy, or hatred -- no doubt, on this account they are so tolerant with human beings."

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Ronald departed with these words: "Write down the things we have been discussing, Bob. Take no unnecessary chances regarding the physical man during the week. I shall meet you here next Saturday evening at ten o'clock. I know there are a great many questions pertaining to the Other World you would like to ask."

"Not only a lot of questions," replied Bob, "regarding the Other World, Ronald, but a great many about you and your work over there."

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